

WAR CRY

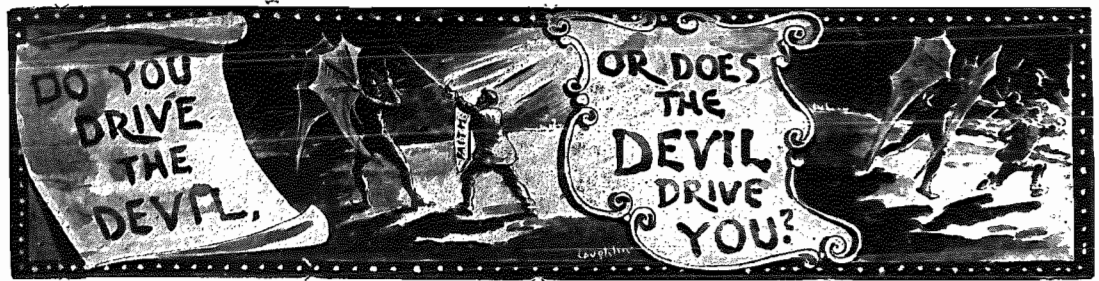


VOL. XI. No. 22. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the B. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, MAR. 2, 1895. [HERBERT M. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



"Out of the Gutter We Pick Them Up."

The above picture is the representation of an actual scene in Toronto the Good, some time ago.



JACKSON'S COVE.—Nine souls for the week, including two Sunday, also four for a clean heart. With an extra push we have got the roof on the new quarters.—Lieut. Hiseock.

HALIFAX I.—On Thursday night we welcomed Ensign Cowan in our midst, who takes charge of the Rescue Home here. Three souls for the week.—Sergeant-Major Cabbin.

MOOSOMIN.—In two weeks we have had six souls for salvation, and as many for sanctification. Visit from Major Read and Ensign Rawlings. Major got out some very striking bills. One with a pair of prize-fighters announcing a great fight; another a sinking ship; another a long march of slim soldiers. Beautiful time with four souls for the blessing. Nice Soldiers' Council. Holiness meeting, which wound up in the quarters with two souls saved.—Brother Jarvis.

EASTERN DISTRICT, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Notwithstanding that just now the "sea-girl life" has come to a crisis in her experience, for she still abhors a dirty thief, a dog of financial depression which abounds everywhere, yet the comrades of the Eastern District are clinging to their Lord, and bravely facing their difficulties. True, they have lost their money, and some even their winter's provision, but it is better that than to lose their salvation. The comrades here seem to be as good, if not even better than they were previous to this sad occurrence. Very true, also, that the cry of poverty is everywhere prevalent, and distressing news reaches us of the sufferings of the poor. Yet, above all this, and even the grave fears of a severe scourge and famine, there is a God Who is only waiting to come to their help.—J. W. P.

GUELPH.—Our officers have left, but guns are still booming, and Gospel shot flying. Good-bless Ensign Cass and Lieutenant Bryson. When the fight's hard, we'll never give in. Our eyes shall feast on the beautiful sight of souls crying for mercy.—Bro. Vass.

HARRY'S HARBOUR.—Hallo, what is now? Are you going to tear the Barracks down? No, no, we are only going to make it larger, so we may have room for our converts. Five souls for the week, two for salvation, three for the blessing. Converts anxious to become soldiers.—Lieut. Hiseock.

OLD PELICAN.—Twelve souls this week. We visited one sister who had never known the love of Jesus, but our felt her need. We sang and prayed she cried and prayed and found mercy. She got blessedly saved and is going to be a worker for God in the Army. On Tuesday night a man left the meeting deeply troubled about fifty-three years of sin. He went home, said to his wife, "We will have prayer." He got down but could not pray. He had to cry. God wanted that man to repent. So our soldiers were called. He cried unto God to have mercy. He got blessedly saved and now sits on the platform. We all returned home about four o'clock in the morning.—Captain England.

OSISAWA.—Soldiers led on by Treasurer and Secretary. All eager for the fight. Glorious victory. Two made a full surrender, and three came out for salvation.—M. W. Secretary.

YARMOUTH.—Since the Jubilee eight souls have been won by earnest effort.

There are frequent changes at the Salvation Army College, but they are of a healthy variety and interest. Rejoicing over the return of a wanderer, and the enlistment of two

young brothers. Every one seemed unusually happy. As we are still where "congregations must break up and Sabbath have an end," of course we separated; only regretting that some deeply convicted ones, instead of swelling our song of thanksgiving, were leaving stupefied and sad.—Auxiliary, 94.

CARBONAR.—In spite of the banks falling and poor times, we could not very well do without having a banquet. Of course, lots of people thought it was no use trying, for we would only fail. But some folks are not that kind to stop at every little thing. So we proposed it to the sergeants, and each one, like good warriors, fell in line and said "Yes, we'll manage it, alright."

When the time came, everything was all ready. Fine weather, and God on our side. At six o'clock over 200 were seated in front of tables filled, well-laid with good things. After this about fifty sat down. Next is the Jubilee and presentation of colors. A crowded heaven. When we drew in the net there were four fish. We also had a soup supper after the Jubilee. Next day we had a children's tea and over 100 little ones sat down. We made \$3.79, which was paid to our bank debts and also do some repairs to the Barracks.—Ensign Freeman.

TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.—"Another wedding, do you say?"

"Well, yes."

"And, who this time?"

"Oh, a couple of comrades at Dildo."

"And what were their names?"

"Brother James William Hillyer and Sister Guy, who is going to be enrolled as a soldier very soon."

"Well, what kind of a time did you have?"

"Beautiful time, with two souls."

"Have you many soldiers at Dildo?"

"Quite a number, which makes a total of 74 on roll."—Ensign Freeman.

LONDON.—Dark clouds were hanging over us all the day. Hard fight with the devil defeated. Twenty-two souls at night. Rejoicing.—Ensign Lowry.

CLINTON.—The Spirit of God working and one soul at the Cross.—Capt. Mylon.

CHUCKVILLE.—Two precious souls. Ensign Macnamara brought back a brand-new Cadet from Toronto who will help fight the devil. We have a "War Cry" Brigade formed here, in which the Juniors have a part.—Thit.

ST. THOMAS.—Having no time to send a report, I am sending on a few facts: Captain Wakefield and wife are here. One soul in their first meeting. Two for cleansing in the second meeting. Increased attendance at knee-drill. One for cleansing and one for salvation at 11 a.m. Three souls in the free and easy. Three souls at night. Five of the above on the march Sunday night. God has given him complete deliverance from the desire for both liquor and tobacco.

A young man got saved and went away the next day. A fortnight afterwards he came to the barracks having walked thirteen miles. God had kept him beautifully saved. Both of these brothers are to be enrolled.

The following from a letter received lately: "We have one of your Salvation Army men in the Water-works. He is employed the year round to repair, etc., in preference to

other men, though he cannot read or write. The reason we keep him is because we always know where to find him nights, viz., in the Salvation Army Barracks. There rain or shine.—Capt. Allan.

SPRINGHILL DISTRICT.—My forewell to the Aendale Mines took shape in a meeting on Winchester Mountain. The night was cold and stormy. Brother S. Moore procured a rig. A big struggle with snow, wind and bills, and our destination was reached. About twenty-five persons gathered in the old school-house.

Added a soldier to the Pugwash Roll. Captain Bishop and Lieutenant Goodwin are in charge. Winter always makes the fight hard in this seaport village.

PARRISBORO is having souls. Captain Green has gained a good helper in the arrival of Lieutenant Fancy.

The fight is raging in **TRURO**. During my forewell visit

The Secretary had His Jaw Bone Broken

while endeavoring to keep order.

A late recruit testified as follows: "Before I got saved I spent my money in drink, tobacco, etc. My poor widowed mother had to do all kinds of work for a living. Now that I am saved I find I can save my money and support my mother."

Another who has been a hard drinker with a large family, has got saved from drink, tobacco, etc., and takes his place at the front.

The Jubilee Bazaar gave a great lift to the **SPRINGHILL** Corps. Thirteen souls came out. Many making good progress. One testified to having said she would never come on the Army platform, but she does, and on the march, too. Captain Prince, Mrs. Creighton, and I forewelled from here on Sunday. A terrible storm raged all day, but Monday came fine and clear. A good crowd came up to the final meeting. The Brass Band made its first public effort.

We take the train for other fields of labor with a feeling of deep thankfulness to the many kind friends and those soldiers who so bravely stood by.—Ensign Creighton.

FORTUNE.—The foe put to flight. Sixteen forward for the blessing. Sunday night twelve at the Cross for pardon.—Dora Hindy.

CARBERRY.—Returned from circle with victory flying at our masthead. Major Read's hands were Bawling with us. We shall all be truly sorry to lose the Major. He always carries a blessing wherever he goes. Both returned sick, after firing red-hot shot.

Monday started for Petree. Drove among the farmers and tackled them. God saved one poor sinner. Meeting in school-house at night.

Reached Denney school and had an old-time meeting. Brother Jim danced and surprised himself. School full. God was there. Saw a comrade at Wellwood. Prove home sixteen miles. Cold and hungry. To-day away up in G.—Captain Wilkins.

ALMSTROTH.—Good morning, dear old "Cry." Oh, the winter is flying past with lightning speed! It seems only since yesterday, although it is four months we have been at this station, since we pressed the hand of Captain Parls. It was hard to part with one so very true, and good and kind to us. Since then we have had a glorious and happy time in the presence of God and our officers. But that farewell has come again. They have told us that the people who did not believe in God are now enjoying a full salvation. The Officers have won the good-will of all. Packed

house at farewell meeting. God's richest blessings be theirs.—D. B. H.

BRANDON.—A halloo! halloo! merriment announced. The happy Sveve did not fail to bless the Lord. The conversation between the comrades was great. It began, "What do you think of General Booth?" Ensign arrived Sunday morning in time for knee-drill. It was heavenly. The Salvation plumb-line was brought into use and four came forward. March at 7.30 numbered thirty comrades, although it was some forty degrees below zero. Large crowd. Straight-forward denouncing of devilry evil. A sister at the front. Heard a few parting words from our much loved Provincial Officer.—Ensign Goodwin.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Souls getting saved. Quite a number seeking the blessing of a clean heart. Meetings interesting. A number of recruits ready for enrolment.—Captain and Mrs. Larder.

BARRIE.—Soldiers' eyes open to the needs of the war, some buckling their armor, others tightening the sword. Hope is inspiring us.—F. M. K.

WESTVILLE.—Visit from Lieutenant Kenway, who gave his experience on boot drill. Souls have been saved since last report.—Sec. Lorimer.

MONCTON.—Nine souls have come over on the Lord's side.—Mrs. J. S. Mace.

PICTON.—God saved my soul a year and a half ago, and has blessed me since in every way. "I am lost! I am lost!" is the cry of thousands who perish. Oh that there might be more of God's love shed abroad in the hearts of the people. A young man who died near here, when asked if he was ready to meet God, his face lit up with the light of Heaven, as he answered "Yes"—Bombardier.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—An enrolment of seven sisters and five brothers, among them a mother and a daughter. The father is a soldier, and the younger children Juniors. At the close one soul left the devil. Capt. Green has forewelled, after seven months' earnest fight. Our new Captain arrived, and although a holiness meeting, the place was pretty full.—Secretary Juhlin.

TILBURY.—After nearly eight months' fighting here I had orders to forewell. The battle has been hard, but God was enough. We have had some souls in Glenwood, and one the last night in Tilbury.—Capt. Brant.

WINNIPEG.—Major and Mrs. Read led meetings, and we rejoiced over fourteen souls in the Fountain. Back-siders reclaimed, sinners saved and soldiers sacrificed. Mercury is frozen up this way, but not Salvation—unless it's some cold sort. The kind we believe in is red-hot, and goes for a walk with the thermometer at 15 below zero. We welcome Captain McGill and Lieutenant Orr. Balmaster Canton has left us for Wingham. W. G., a Soldier.

MOOSEJAW.—Warm-hearted people gave freely to our good-meeting, although the weather is bitter cold, we fight away for God and souls.—Lieutenant Kemp.

PORT ARTHUR.—Five souls, back-siders returning. Seventeen recruits enrolled. Despatched three soldiers. Captain and Mrs. Elliott take charge. Fifteen out for the blessing.

NEPEAWA.—Captured from his Satanic Majesty the town clown. Good catches lately. Twelve for Salvation, thirteen for sanctification. One carried. Despatched three soldiers' worth of tobacco and pipes in the stove. Can't get people to go home sometimes.—Lieut. or Capt. H. W.

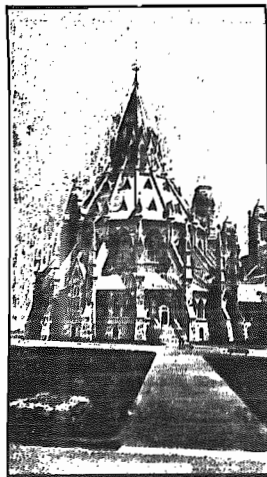
The General's Last Hours in Canada

Visits the Vice-Regal Palace—Is Heartily Received—Expounds the Social Scheme to Canada's Greatest Dignitaries.

At eleven o'clock on Tuesday night, the last salute of love and respect had been paid to our beloved General by those who lingered outside the great Massey Hall to assist him to his place in the hack, which conveyed him to the Commandant's house. The mighty crowd which filled the ponderous building, and stirred as it had been to the very heart by the eloquent exposition of the wrongs of the poor, and the brave efforts to right them, would have found a splendid background on which might have been portrayed the final scene of this heretofore Canadian Campaign.

But it didn't finish there. There were other events yet to follow in the few brief hours left, likely to produce even a greater harvest of blessings than those which are born of the enthusiasm of a mass meeting. There was a little following up of the victory to be done and a clinching of the centre rivet of the whole structure.

And so, after the scanty sleep of a few hours, the General was about again, with the Commandant by his side. The 9.05 train caught them up, and fled with them to the Dominion Capital, where it deposited them at exactly six o'clock the same evening.



THE PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY AT OTTAWA.

Then Ottawa saw a new thing. Muffled in their furs and behind two fiery steeds, seldom excelled in rare beauty, sat the coachman and footman of the Governor General, His Excellency, the Earl of Aberdeen. At sight of the General the footman descended and saluted in true Salvation Army style, fixing up the party in the luxuriant equipage of the representative of Her Majesty. Then off through the streets to the dismay of the public, who stood agape to behold the scarlet of the Salvation badge and uniform behind the Royal horses.

Rideau Hall, Government House, is beautifully located, and as we drove along the broad avenues of trees, till the mansion peeped into sight, we were reminded of the promise of God

that we should stand before Princes, and prevail.

Nothing could exceed the kindly manner in which their Excellencies,



Lord and Lady Aberdeen, received us. The General was no stranger to them, of course. They had met and conversed before in the Old Land, but the evident and unaffected interest taken by the whole party at Government House in the Salvation Army, the General, and his Colony-over-the-Sea scheme was everything that could be desired.

After a little social chat over a friendly cup of tea, the Governor-General led the way to the great hall of his stately dwelling. Here was assembled a number of the leading citizens of Ottawa, together with many of Her Majesty's Ministers and Deputy Ministers of the Crown. Among these, there were present Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Hon. John Haggart, Hon. N. Clarke Wallace, Hon. W. B. Ives, and Hon. A. R. Dickiey.

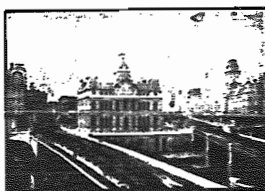
Lady Aberdeen graced the proceedings with her presence, and a home-like and sociable reflection was cast on all by the presence of some members of His Excellency's family, together with the ladies of his household.

Lord Aberdeen took the chair and introduced the General with some very kind and eulogistic remarks. There was no backwardness on His Lordship's part in taking a bold stand for the Army and the good it had done. In fact, all through the friendly discussion which followed, the Earl

manifested the greatest desire to have all the possibilities of the case explained by the General, and thrashed out.

Then the General spoke, fully explaining his scheme, after which questions were put and answered. At the close of the conference, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the Prime Minister of the Dominion, who has been so kind and interested since the first moment he met the General, proposed in an earnest and eloquent address that the

thanks of all assembled be given to the General for coming to meet them, for his life work, expressing the hope that something might be done to benefit the world at large and Canada in particular.

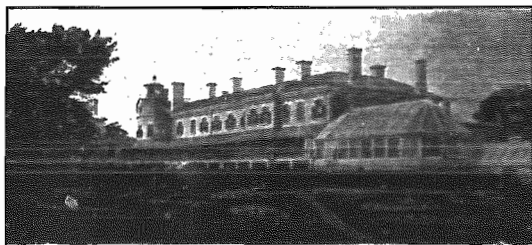


POST OFFICE SQUARE, OTTAWA, Where our open-air meetings are held.

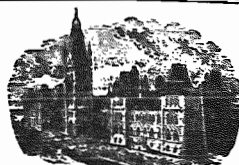
Then a few more private and friendly words with His Excellency and Lady Aberdeen, and with renewed good wishes for the success of our great Army, we hastened to the carriage awaiting us, and drove to the midnight train for Toronto.

Certainly our first visit to Government House had been pleasant and successful, and who shall say how great will be the results springing from so memorable a conference on so momentous a subject!

The mill will never grind with the water that is past.



RIDEAU HALL, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S RESIDENCE AT OTTAWA.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

GOOD-BYE, GENERAL.

Farewell at the Union Depot.

WHAT A WHIRL were those six days! They were a whirl for us who were hearers. What must they have been for him, upon whom, humanly speaking, the whole thing pivoted? Yet there he stood at the step of the railway car, the man upon whom a million pair of eyes—eyes of love and loyalty, are continually focussed—our General, a true prophet of God, as many a soul Heaven-blessed in the just-past campaign can witness. True, the unthinking crowd jostled past, and refused to allow him to speak without interruption, but we know the world, its hands are still restrained, and under its veneered surface the Nazarene is still despised.

IT WAS A NOBLE SIGHT to see our General, after all his toilsome six months' campaigning, with his last few moments in Canada meeting his Canadian troops to holy living and Salvation fighting.

THE SEND OFF WAS INFORMAL. No particular arrangements had been made, nevertheless a large number were present to fire a parting volley.

THE GENERAL, IN SAYING FAREWELL, declared he had been glad to meet us, had liked us better as we went along, and that that affection was mutual.

He had had adverse influences to cope with such as would not be revealed till the Great Day, still the finish had been triumphant, and throughout the whole of his victorious campaign from Halifax to Victoria, he had gone away from the work accomplished than Toronto (Volleys.)

He left Toronto without a fear as to our loyalty.

"Do good," continued the General, "to the poor. They are our constituency, and in being a friend to the poor you will be a friend to the rich also. The religion of love—love to God and man—is the true religion. May you all get that religion. If you have it not. Do not put anything in the place of loving God with all your heart and your neighbour as yourself. If you ask, 'Who is my neighbor?' I answer, 'The submerged.' Live for them, that's your business, go and do it. God bless you 10,000 times! Amen."

THE BELL RANG. The ponderous cars began to glide slowly away.

The General's tall figure stepped on the ladder—a wave—a volley—a burst of music from the band—he was gone.

THE DRINK.

1. It is an evil.
2. No one in our ranks shall manufacture it.
3. No one in our ranks shall partake of it.
4. We are prepared to do something towards its abolition. — The General, at Toronto.

The prison population of England fell from 20,333 in 1878 to 12,634 in 1892. This remarkable falling off is attributed to increased police efficiency, the establishment of industrial schools, the reformation of criminals in prison, and the development of societies to aid them on their discharge.

Press Echoes.

— OF —

TORONTO CAMPAIGN.

The Toronto "Globe" Speaks up well for the Army.

The Saturday following the General's Campaign in Toronto the *Toronto Globe* devoted nearly all its always interesting supplement to illustrations of Salvation Army celebrities, and the work of the organization.

The *Mail and Empire* also gave the Army an excellent presentment in their supplement.

The following are some selections from the papers which will no doubt prove interesting reading to our comrades at a distance from the administrative centre:—

A Man, Tall, Long-bearded

and lean, with striking, high, commanding features, a flashing eye, and a manner in which a keen and ever-interested intellect is wonderfully made manifest, a man unquestionably full of that personality which is no necessary a gift for leaders of men, has for the past few months been

wandering about this continent, has in the last few days been in Toronto, and wherever he has gone

General William Booth

has been greeted, not alone by every demonstration that the love, the loyalty, the unwavering, unquestioning devotion of his followers can contrive, but by the all but unanimous attention, respect, even reverence, of millions who have no part in his work, who ordinarily never set foot within the barracks of the Salvation Army. Truly these be changes from 1865, when two officers represented the available force of the new-named Salvation Army; an organization first obscure, then notorious; as on the one hand scorned by that "respectability" which has so degrading an effect upon zeal, and on the other hand the object of brutal violence on the part of the classes it was endeavoring to reach; now famous, having extorted recognition from respectability and trained the degraded to recognize in it a friend. The striking and not invariably beautiful uniform, the constant, aggressive, and sometimes noisy methods of work, the curious semi-military phraseology and the rigid discipline have come to be accepted as a regular factor in the forces which make for righteousness in a community; while of late years not thousands merely, but millions who find little or nothing to attract them in the spiritual side of the Army's work, have been roused to

sympathy and interest in the bold and intelligent attack which this young organization has made upon the social difficulties which are balking so largely now in the problems of the age. As the General looks down into the faces of vast audience after audience, he must be acutely sensible of the difference between now and the time, not so very long ago, when "fanatic" and "fool" were the mildest epithets that were applied to the Salvationist, and his veteran workers must be equally alive to the change from the days when almost every parable was a record of insult and bodily outrage, not unacceptably varied from time to time by a reversion to the Old Adam, and a deft right-hander on the part of a sorely-tried converted pugilist.—*The Globe.*

THE GENERAL'S REMARKS on the objects which the Army aims to accomplish were stirring and impressive. The impression made upon us was that the intense earnestness and consecration of the leader and his helpers is the real secret of their success.—*The Guardian.*

What kind of a Prohibitionist is General Booth? He declared that in his opinion every Christian Church should do as the Army does, i.e., fight the liquor traffic. First, by demanding total abstinence of its membership. Second, by permitting no member to be engaged in the manufacture or sale of intoxicants; and

third, by uniting in every effort to abolish the traffic by legislation. —*Templar.*

While the Chairman, Sir Oliver Mowat,

was speaking, a thin cloud of smoke came through the registers into the hall. It created a good deal of disturbance, and but little would have sent the great audience pell-mell towards the doors. But the Army authorities, as a whole, and General Booth, in particular, displayed great courage and tact, and the incipient panic was allayed.—*The Globe.*

The World in General has

laughed and jeered at the Army, and at last has come to regard it with respect. It has stood the test of time, having been in existence 30 years. Even its severest critics confess that it has done much more good than harm. More friendly observers say that its history has been a useful protest against the growing commercialism of the Christian Church, and that it has accomplished a work which could not have been done, or at any rate would not have been done, by any other agency.—*The Mail and Empire.*

"Let the Salvation Soldiers sing, and the sooner you can feel as they feel, and sing as they sing, the better it will be for you."

PETERBORO CORPS' OFFICERS AND BAND.

PHOTOGRAPHED JANUARY 1ST, 1895



CAPT. CAMERON.
GEORGE McALPINE.

WILL CUNNINGHAM.

RALPH BRAUND.

HENRY GREEN.

JOHN MILLER.

WILL PATTERSON.

MRS. BRAUND. HARRY EDMONSON.

CHARLES GREEN.

TOM REDNOR.

J. M. GREEN.

EDDIE PEACOCK.

ESION McDONALD.

MRS. GREEN. NEWTON REDNOR.

GEORGE COMSTOCK.

HARRY CHATTER.

JOHN CURTIS.

THOMAS MICHAEL.

No section of our Army Corps at Peterboro furnishes more effective assistance in the prosecution of the Salvation War than does our Brass Band. They work harmoniously together, they are not saved to their instruments, but are prepared to lay down their instruments when necessary, and plead with God in prayer for the salvation of souls. God bless every member of the Peterboro Corps Band!

NEXT WEEK!

A "CRY" FULL OF PRAISE.

Self-Denial Results.

NEXT WEEK!



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and the glorification of the cross, together with the propagation of the Salvation Army in all places.
It gives all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

FIGHT ON!

WAR is the lot of the Salvationist. He must fight. Jehovah, his God, is still defied; Christ, his compassionate Saviour, is still rejected; the mysterious Heavenly Comforter, who has come to his heart, is still grieved away by the self-centred crowd, and while this continues he must fight for God and righteousness. Let no one imagine that the great wave of popularity which is just now elevating the Army to fame has altered the conditions of our warfare one whit. The world, and the devil, are still opposed to God, and guilty of the blood of His Son, and we are still face to face with a world of unhumiliated sinners who must be brought to submit to God. There can be no truce in this fight till every knee shall bow and every tongue confess Christ to be Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Wherefore we hereby call upon every soldier in the Army in Canada and Newfoundland to freshen gear on the armour of God and go forth to "fight the Giants" of sin in the Name and Strength of the Lord God Almighty.

SACRIFICE FOR WAR-OURS AND THEIRS!

WAR! What scenes of transient pomp and gory agony paint themselves in panoramic procession across the imagination at thought of that death-knell word. Look below the surface of the figures appearing in this week's War Cry under the heading "A Hasty Record," and think of that sacrifice of precious lives! What a sacrifice! And at what an altar! Think of these battlefields!

Look at the glazed eyes of the dead. They lie gazing up into space, as if in mute appeal to Heaven against this butchery. Compare this sacrifice with the poor attempt Christ's soldiers make, and see if your heart will not burn with desire to do something for the great Name and Cause to which you are espoused. Oh, brothers! Christ says "Go," and

"Broken hearts and blighted hopes,
Slaves of sin and degradation,
Wait for YOU in love to bring,
Holy peace and liberation."

THE OVER-THE-SEA COLONY.

SHOULD THE OVER-THE-SEA COLONY be located in Canada, it will be a huge success and will benefit the Dominion equally as much as it will benefit the Colonists themselves. The Salvation Army has too much horse sense to continue a thing which does not succeed, and in this instance it has too much sense to commence the enterprise unless its success is fairly assured. Some of the

The celebrated Dr. Joseph Cook, the Great Boston Monday Lecturer, signals the General's visit to Boston by composing the following beautiful poem.

BOSTON HYMN.

SHEEP AND WOLVES,

A War Cry for the Salvation Army, Sung at the Park Street Church,

AT THE 244TH BOSTON MONDAY LECTURE, FEB. 18TH, 1895,

On the occasion of

General Booth's Visit to Boston.

TUNE.—Rock of Ages.

*Pity, Lord, the crippled poor,
Age and childhood lacking bread;
Thou who all our ills canst cure,
Hast not where to lay Thy head;
Lazarus at the rich man's gate
Lift from out his low estate.*

*Fill with soul our callous clay,
Melt our hearts of polished stone;
Thou, the Truth, the Life, the Way,
Listen to Thy creatures' moan:
Dives teach to shun the flame
Kindled by his evil name.*

*Sluggards with their garden wall
Broken through, by weeds o'ergrown,
Rouse to reason's trumpet call:
Man must reap what he has sown.
Famine falls to drones and fools;
Willing hands find fitting tools.*

*Wolves within Thy human fold,
Turn Thou from their bloody quest;
Fiendishness in fetters hold,
Serpents slay in East and West:
Let Thy lightnings cleanse with flame
All our heights and depths of shame*

*Prodigals with hush for bread
Homeward call to food divine;
Souls in sin and trespass dead,
Raise to life and bliss in Thine:
Lift Thy Cross on land and sea,
Rich are all if one in Thee.*

JOSEPH COOK.

letters which have appeared in the newspapers adverse to the scheme, display the most palpable ignorance of our Social Reform System, and its already-achieved results. The fears expressed, and the dangers combated are chiefly imaginary. It is not to be supposed that this great world-wide Salvation Army Empire has been built up with such an utter absence of common sense as some of our critics evidently suppose. When the time comes to operate the Colony the application in Salvation Army fashion of the principles which have already produced such splendid results in our Social Reform Branches in every land will be found equally successful there.

THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

"And to the angel of the church in Philadelphia write: These things saith he that is holy he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth;
"I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it; for thou hast a little strength, and have kept my word, and hast not denied my name."

WE MAY SAFELY replace the word "Philadelphia" by the words, "Salvation Army," for the door of opportunity, the whole world round,

is opening wider almost every day. The emancipation of a rebel world is a tremendous undertaking, but it is a problem which is being forced upon us more pertinently every day. A study of the world's map in this connection is enough to make one despair, so stupendous is the task to be accomplished. Nevertheless, we have Christ's command, and Christ's promises; it is not ours to waste time looking at the difficulties, our business is to OBEY CHRIST.

MEN AND MONEY are needed. What have our people to say on this matter? What response will they make?

AT OUR VERY FEET the door opens. Read Adjutant Archibald's letter, published this week.

50 000 INDIANS

5 000 CANESES.

Who will go and preach to the Salvation "with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven to these precious souls? Who travels in soul-agony over these heathen within our borders? Oh, beloved, do you not realize the need of your sanctified flesh and blood to go through this door?

"Once he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not that which he had said when he was risen."

Has He not come to do so now to some who are looking back?

"And he said unto them, (He says it to us) Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

PART-SINGING AND SOUL-SAVING.

PASSING DOWN A TORONTO STREET towards home late one night recently, we were suddenly entranced by a burst of harmony borne along on the still night air. Instantly we stayed our hurried footsteps to drink in the music. The harmony, we found, proceeded from some six or seven youths, who were making a concert for the benefit of an applauding audience of their chums, who stood near by. The dear fellows were, some of them slightly the worse for drink; nevertheless, after a few minutes' chat, one of the number voted a song for the Army brother, to which all agreed, whereupon

"Almost persuaded"

was essayed, but they were ill at ease with those solemn words, and had another try at

"Lay me in my little bed,"

which advice, if carried out, would certainly have been the likeliest thing for their comfort; but the fact remained, their music was fascinating, and we coveted them for God and the Army.

THERE IS A MINE OF WEALTH in the spiritual realm in this part singing. The Commandant said only literal truth when he told Toronto comrades that some souls could be brought to decision for Christ through singing than by any other means.

TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, the singing of Colonel Lowrey and Major Atkin. How they have moved the crowds as they heeded their voices for God and souls.

"WHAT IS NEEDED is that the singers should have a single eye for God's glory and look right straight to Jesus for the Holy union to accompany their song, and very soon the penitent's sob will be heard. We have a wealth of most pointed songs which cannot be excelled for soul-saving purposes, but yet comparatively little is being done with them. Let us bring out this talent, comrades!"

THE DRINK TRAFFIC is a great evil, an affliction to humanity, and a curse to mankind," so said the General in his Sunday afternoon remarks at the Massey Music Hall, Toronto. The Army has taken the first taken front rank position in the fight against the Drink. We expect to see the day when, through God's grace, Canada shall be delivered from the Drink affliction by the intelligent vote of its inviolable people; till that day the watchword is "no quarter."

International News.

INDIA.

The air is thick with preparations for boom marches. Brigadier Eshwar Das is leading an attack upon the vast Hindoo-speaking populations of the Northwest Provinces. Major Java Kodi is occupying fresh territory at the Cape. Brigadier Musa Eshwar has bang full of plans for a great Salvation blitzed in Ceylon.

Social departures, Educational departures, and Training Home extensions lie very heavily upon the General's heart. Commissioner Booth-Tucker will consult with our Indian leaders upon the spot and take back a full budget of proposals, which will probably be the biggest effort yet made for the salvation of the heathen.

The General visits India at the far-end of '95. Every Field Officer is pushing ahead with developments which are to leave even the Jubilee year's record in the shade.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Meetings at Kimberley have been crowded with blessings. After a prolonged and desperate struggle there was a shaking among the dry bones, and some thirty-eight or forty souls came forward on the Sunday, half of whom were for salvation.

MRS. BOOTH

Holds Council with
Ontario's Liasse Officers.

THE POWER OF SANCTIFIED
WOMANHOOD.

"Better Shine and Perish than
Rust."



SPONTANEOUS CHIEF
heartfelt and prolonged,
was the response to
the first announcement
that Mrs. Booth would
visit the women of the
Staff and Field in the
General's public farewell.

A red-letter day in very deed was
this long-to-be-remembered council,
when we gathered around our be-
loved leader for a few rare hours of
communion with God and one an-
other, in true sister-fellowship,
throwing aside all burden of care
and anxiety for the responsibility.
It was impossible for anyone to en-
ter amongst that little company of
noble warriors without being im-
pressed with the all-pervading tone
of sweet unity and oneness of purpose,
the only prayer and hearts' desire
being that each and all might be
drawn definitely nearer to God and
Heaven for the sake of suffering sinners
and a dying world.

After a few preliminary prayers
and choruses raised by ardent hearts
and fervent voices, we were all in-
spired by the sight of Mrs. Brigadier
Margrett's earnest eyes. Many could
sympathize with her as she an-
nounced that as her own personal
bent was concerned, she would
always far rather creep into a back
seat and listen to other people, but
God, she always found, could give her
grace to rise above her feelings. She
the voice of the sentiment of every-
body when she spoke of the blessing
she had received whilst listening to
the General during the whole cam-
paign. It had seemed like

A BIG LUMP OF HEAVEN.

She had hardly realized where she
was living; but she knew she was
being drawn nearer to God, and had
made new resolutions to be more
than ever straight and pointed in her
dealings with men.

Mrs. Brigadier Scott, looking bright
and happy, praised the Lord she was
saved and kept by the blood, though
she, too, often felt as if she were one
of the weakest, nevertheless, she re-
alized that the Lord is with her con-
stantly.

Mrs. Staff-Captain McMillan dwelt
with deep feeling upon her affection
for the war and the Army, urging the
younger officers, who were not fet-
tered with the slow life she is, to
value their matchless privileges as of-
ficers fighting in the field.

A number of testimonies followed,
interspersed by Mrs. Booth with com-
miseration and cheer, words of en-
couragement and counsel.

Mrs. Booth commenced her heart-
warm and practical address by ex-
pressing herself as delighted to see
more war women-officers. From
the over-estimated value of officers
there could be no question as to the
pleasure being reciprocal. Our leader
has found a very warm place in the
affections of the whole field, as de-
epened and ever-increasing in
amongst her immediate care — the
workers of the Itesene Staff. Many
an unconscious demonstration of af-
fection, or breathed-out petition to
Heaven on her behalf, bore witness
to the fact that we were not only re-
cognized and appreciated the cov-
eted privilege of fighting beneath

THE COMMAND OF A WOMAN-LEADER
of rare discernment and wisdom, as
well as pure depth of soul.

Amongst a great mass of practical
advice and counsel, Mrs. Booth dwelt
particularly upon two or three points.

TERRITORIAL TOPICS.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

The General has come and gone.
That is the uppermost thought in
everyone's mind. He came. Here is
the gladdest note of praise in every-
body's music. He went! Here is the
saddest reflection of all hearts. He
must come again! It is the pro-
found wish in the souls of all who
saw and heard him.

I cannot now write what must be
said about this marvelous tour as a
whole. There are lessons in it that
take time to tell and time
is a necessity not to hand.
Next week I hope to give a
resume of the Campaign from New-
foundland to the Government House
in Ottawa, and the City Hall at To-
ronto, where the final battles were
fought.

The reappearance of Territorial Top-
ics in the War Cry will introduce
some surprises.

Major Read, despite the ut-
most care and skill of the doctors,
has so seriously broken down as to
necessitate his immediate recall from
Winnipeg. He comes to Toronto,
where, after a little rest, he is to
take the oversight of the Depart-
ment, so well developed and run by
our old comrade, Adjutant Southall.
In future Major and Mrs. Read will
appear as the Financial Secretary, and
Major Streeton will be known as
Councillor of the Exchequer.

We shall all be sorry to part with
Adjutant Southall from Headquarters.
He will take with him to his
new field of labor, to be announced
later, our hopes. For Major Read
we bespeak a hearty
welcome, and a great success. Now,
our Grace Belore Meat Agents, get
ready for another charge.

The General took the Staff by
astonish when he suddenly announced
that after much careful consideration,
he thought the time had arrived for
the revival of the Chief Secretary-
ship in Canada. In this the Com-
mandant quite concurs. While at
the time of the inauguration of the
Provincial System, this office was
hardly necessary, and while its ab-
sence has perhaps served, as little
else could, to press upon the Provin-
cial Officer his responsibilities and
privileges. Yet so greatly has the
work developed and increased, and so

There was no doubt we had made
considerable advance since the last
time of meeting, when the question of
uniform had been discussed. It was
decidedly encouraging to glance round
the hall and see at once the improve-
ment in simple uniformity of uniform.
With but two or three exceptions,
every sister, of whatever rank, looked
neat and trim in the regulation wear,
previously decided upon.

Long and urgently Mrs. Booth in-
sisted on the desirability, above and
beyond all else, that each, personally
should see to her own coat of ar-
rangement, building up daily a more
and more beautiful character, by constant
watchfulness and prayer, and hum-
ble, teachable dependence upon God.

She reverted touchingly to a letter
recently received from her father,
Major Schock, in which he queries:
"What would it profit though you
should win all Canada, and suffer in
your own soul?" Pointedly the ques-
tion was put to each to ask ourselves,

"WHY AM I AN OFFICER?"

Is it because I have a burning love
for souls?"

Possibly the greatest emphasis was
set upon this point—the necessity for
that eager spirit that craves for
souls; that exclaims, I will
not eat till I see the saved; the
spirit that wrangles for souls; that
concludes, "If I do not see souls
saved there must be something
wrong."

Whilst we are at our work, let us
realize our great privilege, let us be
wreath up in it day and night, and
God will look after our temporal
needs.

much greater are its promises in this
direction, that some strengthening of
the centre is all essential. It is
with the utmost gladness, therefore,
that the Commandant and Mrs.
Booth concur in the General's de-
cision, and welcome the advent of the
only man in the Dominion who would
seem, in view of his past position and
success, to be the first candidate to
such a place.

Brigadier Holland, who has been
promoted by the General to the rank
of Colonel, now takes his old place,
not alone at Headquarters, but also
in the hearts and souls of the great
Army of Officers and Soldiers it will
be his duty in part to direct, as the
faithful representative of his leaders.
God bless and prosper our new Chief
Secretary!

Nor is this all! Headquarters is to
be still more reinforced. Such a re-
inforcement is essential in view of
things present and things to come,
which may not at the moment ap-
pear above the horizon. Greater op-
portunities await us and strength of
mind and heart must be arranged at
Headquarters to do justice to the
War. Take our Social opportunities
alone. Readers of these notes have
little idea of the planning, and ar-
ranging, and consumption of
wits and time it takes to
get even a small Shelter going
and keep it going; and yet there are
developments ahead of us as yet un-
dermined of.

Then there is that Circle Corps
Scheme, which as yet has hardly been
started, to say nothing of the Junior
Soldiers' War, which the General de-
sires we should develop immediately
as a monument of his visit. Well,
all this and much more, demands an
increase of capability here, at Toronto.
It has, therefore, been decided in con-
ference with the General, to appoint
a General Secretary, who shall act
as General Assistant to the Chief
Secretary in the oversight and de-
velopment of the War. That man is
Brigadier Jacobus. He has him in
all our hearts, and bespeak for him
the interest, and prayers, and obedi-
ence of the entire Field.

Then there are other changes, both
provincial and otherwise. For
further developments, however, I
must refer my readers to next week's
"Territorials."

The fire and force of Mrs. Booth's
words, with the echo of her spiritual
songs, and solo, will ring long
and deep in our hearts, and keep us look-
ing forward till another council comes
again.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

BRIGADIER HOLLAND, of Headquarters, to
be COLONEL.

Captain J. Smith, of Emerson, Man., to be
ENSIGN.

APPOINTMENTS—

COLONEL HOLLAND, A. D. C. to the Com-
mandant, to be CHIEF SECRETARY.

BRIGADIER JACOBS, Provincial Secretary,
Eastern Province, to be GENERAL SECRE-
TARY, Headquarters.

MAJOR J. STREETON, Financial Secretary, to
be COMPTROLLER OF FINANCE, Head-
quarters.

MAJOR J. READ, Provincial Secretary, Wes-
tern Province, to be FINANCIAL SECRE-
TARY, Headquarters.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,

Territorial War Office,
Toronto.

THE BREWER'S GHOST.

ENLARGED ★ NOW
EDITION ★ READY.

10c. per Copy.

THE GENERAL.

Latest American News.

GIGANTIC SUCCESSES!

The General again steps
into the States. New Music
Hall, Buffalo, gorged, 3,700
people, including Bishops,
Senators, and Generals,
touched to tears and dollars
by the General's recital and
earnestness. Storms of greet-
ing. Holy enthusiasm. Fri-
day morning and afternoon
devoted to officers. Com-
mander Ballington, previous
to the General's arrival,
captured sixty-eight souls.

Boston, a triumph of tri-
umphs. Full report next
week. Hallelujah for ever.

TERRITORIALISMS.

THE COMMANDANT, since the Gen-
eral's departure, has been plunged up
to the eyebrows in a multiplicity
of business matters and interviews in
connection with the staff changes and
numerous other affairs. We regret to
say he is again very far from well,
suffering considerably with heart
trouble.

THE GREAT STAFF CHANGE
takes place simultaneously with this
issue.

MAJOR READ, who has been a
trifle better lately, farewells from
Winnipeg, where, with Mrs. Read he
has toiled continuously and earnest-
ly, and arrives in Toronto, March
30th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN McMILLAN leaves
Toronto for Montreal. During the
General's visit the Workmen's Hotel
and Woolyard were kept very busy
with orders, so many, indeed, that it
was difficult to keep pace with them.
The pressure was rendered heavier
through the exceptionally cold
weather, and the serious illness of
Captain T. Adams. We are glad to
report his comparative recovery.

THE SOCIAL FARM lies wrapt in
beautiful snow, but all is in activity,
with industrious hoes, looking for-
ward to the breaking up of the win-
ter, bye-and-bye.

BRIGADIER DE BARRITT'S LIT-
TLE DEBILITATION has also been on
the sick list. An attack of inflamma-
tion of the lungs caused her anxiety
on her behalf, and it was thought
necessary to call in two doctors. The
crisis is past, however.

THE SECOND EDITION of "The
Brewer's Ghost" is a larger pam-
phlet, and on better paper.

ENSIGN AYRIS is holding on for a
month at the Temple, whilst Captain
Savage has left for Lindsay.

THE BEAUTIFUL SPIRITUAL
SUPPLEMENT of the coming Easter
"War Cry" is already in the hands
of Press.

MAJOR FRIEDRICH asserts that
the Trade Department has a new
line of uniform that promises to put
all male soldiers into regulation
wear.

ONE INTERESTING FEATURE dur-
ing the recent big meetings was the
marked increase in the sale of litera-
ture. Over and above all else was

the demand for books in the store, showing the healthy appetite that exists among our folks for intellectual food.

LARGE AND EXQUISITELY COLORED COPY of the Christmas Supplement is for sale in the Trade Department. It is mounted and framed, size 32 inches by 39. Price, \$15.

CAPTAIN McLENNAN was married at Downmanville. Brigadier Barrett performed the ceremony.

Yonge Street, Toronto, was unusually crowded Masses, Saturday last night. What waiters! The United Workmen's great concert.

N. B. — SINGING DREW THE CROWDS.

MRS. McKillop nee Miss Macdonald, daughter of the late Senator Macdonald, who for some years has been associated with the Territorial Headquarters, has left for Jamaica, where we pray God's blessing may attend her labors for Him.

WE HAVE GIVEN the Field a page of Colonel Lawley's songs this week. They will make capital material for a commencement at the park singing aid in Oct. **WE SHALL BE GLAD** to hear from F. O's, who try this method of saving sinners.

GLENN RAE, (outpost from Petrolia) —This is a flourishing little corps with about twenty soldiers. Sergt. Major Luens and wife are in charge, and are doing a grand work. This brother, his wife and three boys are proper soldiers, and do all in their power to push on the work of God and the Salvation Army. They are prosperous farmers and have two hundred and fifty acres of land, with



a nice farm-house, which is fixed up inside much after the style of an officer's quarters. Lots of notices, scripture texts, etc. It's a little heaven on earth, for all is peace and love. Brother Luens has rebuilt a log house at the other end of his farm for a barracks, and this is kept as



clean and neat as a new pin. Most every Sunday night one hundred people pack into it, and many souls have been saved. A few weeks ago we enrolled five recruits, two souls got saved, and four stood up for prayer. And this week Mrs. Miller and myself spent a few days with our comrades, and had two souls, and six hands up for prayer.—Ensign Miller.

ST. THOMAS—Some three months ago the soldiers of this corps welcomed Captain McLeod as their new officer. During his stay in St. Thomas he took care of himself a wife, who will not only be a spiritual blessing and helper to himself, but a blessing to many others. While they have been here they have worked hard, and souls have been saved. But farewell orders have come, and our soldiers are sorry to see them go. On Sunday they gave their farewell address to a very large audience. We had with us Secretary Lowe, of the Y. M. C. A., who gave some startling notes of the work. At our soldiers' meeting, the soldiers turned up in grand style. Wednesday we had farewell and coffee social. We had with us the Rev. Mr. McDonald, and Rev. Mr. Spencer.

Cadet Dayton farewellled for the work.—Robert Goodchild.

Millions up in glory
Owe their all to Jesus blood;
Millions now in battle,
Live beneath the keeping flood;
Millions more through mercy
Shall plunge in and serve our God.
Oh! boundless, cleansing stream.

THE WEST.

MAJOR READ.

PROVINCIAL WAR OFFICE.

True, the physical condition of the writer was not very robust. For several weeks sickness had been trying its best to hold him back from the battle front. He had spent many weeks within the walls of Provincial Headquarters. No wonder, then, that his heart yearned to say good-bye to at least some of his brave troops, whom he had learned to love. Starting out with Ensign Rawling, as his trusty armor-bearer, they made tracks first for Moosomin, having previously decided to take in Moosomin, Brandon, Carberry, Rapid City, Neepawa and Portage in Prairie.

Round Rolled the Day

on which we were to start. Moosomin lies two hundred miles west from Winnipeg, just outside of Manitoba, and in Assiniboia. Round this spot the devil has built some strong ramparts—curling, skating, and like Satanic amusements hinder and bar God's work. Churches? Plenty of them; but!—This is really the coldest morning we have had, about 40 degrees below zero," said Sergt. Major Loves, as he came into the quarters with his frozen-up milk-can. Such degrees of frost, however, fall to freeze up this faithful brother's soul. Moosomin is a land of plenty. I should think so, for Captain Jarvis took me to one of the back rooms, where was hanging a quarter of beef. "We get all the food we need," said the Captain, gleefully. "One hundred and fifty in our mess last Sunday night," said Cadet Stewart. Several souls have been saved since the arrival of the above Field Officers, so that all this news cheered and inspired us along. Mr. Read, the Imperial F. B. Shea gladly mounted the provincial bridge during our absence. Following will be found details of our travels in diary form, which may read better than a long string sermon.

MOOSOMIN, Thursday 31st. — Arrived 2 a.m. Thirty below zero. Bed at 4 a.m. Up at 9. Painting home-made bills to attract the eye, with startling headings about "Separate Schools," "Awful Disaster," "25 Lives Lost," "Great Salvation Bazaar and Carnival," etc. Business with Field Officers. Slim crowd, freezing barracks, but "fire" conquered and

Four Cried for Mercy.

Ensign got eloquent. Major wazed righteously indignant. Sinners trembled. Finished up with Salvation holocaust. Tired, sleepy, bed.

FRIDAY—Cold again, way below zero. "Blasted wind across the moor." Jumped out of bed last night thinking house on fire. False alarm. Captain Jarvis and Stewart "dowsing" on floor near cackling stove.

"All's Well."

In to bed again. Interviewed an ex-officer. Beautiful p.m. Soldiers and Recruits. Wrote an article for the "Cry" called "And now for the grace." Met a Presbyterian who thought morality would get him to Heaven. One sister cried for deliverance in the Holiness meeting. Two sinners followed us to quarters, pleaded adulterous—came in, and both got triumphantly saved. A few farewell shots and Moosomin is left behind.

SATURDAY—Boarded train for Brandon at 3 a.m. Ensign Goodwin in good spirits. Ensign Rawling dropped off at Alexander to see his sister. O, so cold! Sick in body. Night meeting at barracks called. Halleslight inaugurated. Received "Oscar," alias "Bless the Lord," all alive. Crowd interested. After Soldiers' and Recruits' meeting. Pledged loyalty, unity and hard work for coming Sunday.

SUNDAY—

Zero-lic Atmosphere.

Hot knee-drill at quarters. Three definitely sought and found holiness. Ensign Rawling arrived from Alexander. Four souls, the blessing at the close of the 11 a.m. meeting, was good. Had crowd in afternoon. Father Earl did "the Banter" in fine style. "Oscar," the Prince's son, danced in good trim. Soldiers' Coun-

cil at close of afternoon meeting. Salvation described. Big crowd at night. "The rich man and Lazarus" depicted. Skating rinks, are like worldly amusements, bombarded. Devil didn't like it. One dear sister volunteered. Colored "Bruder John" said "Member me in y! prairie." Fine Farewell Council with Soldiers and Recruits.

MONDAY—Train seven hours late. Serious day. Snow blockades. Soldiers send-off at Brandon. Bound for Carberry. Sturdy, lusty voices welcomed us at Carberry. Sick, sick, sick. Dragged to meeting. Plodded through. Good-bye Council.

TUESDAY—Train nine hours late. Missed connections at Portage for Neepawa and Rapid City. Started home for Winnipeg. Sick! Sick!! sick!!!

NEWFOUNDLAND.

MAJOR MORRIS.

PROVINCIAL WAR OFFICE.

Amidst all our trouble and agitation politically, the Salvation Army marches forward. The political party in power declares Confederation the remedy for all our evils.

The operative word declares a Royal Commission is what we need to examine into our State affairs. To follow up the papers our people would become confused. So we have made up our mind to let you know that this is being done all over the island, some corps going up to 30 per week. There seems

Nothing but Starvation Point

to reach from a temporal standpoint, but viewing the whole matter through the telescope of God's promises, it draws bread and water much nearer.

I will quote a few extracts from letters:

ENSIGN FREEMAN writes: I am pleased to let you know that the work is going on well around the district. Last Sunday we had a good day at Carboneau, with one soul. They have had three at Selby Cove. I went to Bildo and enrolled seven recruits and one two girls. Next night a wedding, with two more saved. I walked to the station next morning and also walked from Harbour Grace to Carboneau. I felt real well.

CAPTAIN PAYNE writes: "Taking the work in general, nearly every corps is in good fighting trim, quite as good as they were previous to this depression in money matters."

Bird Island Cove reports to me since they started the children's work that they can reckon on 25 saved children, and quite a few big sinners have been saved recently.

At Trinity, Catalina, Bonavista, there are no souls. The financial depression that we have had has sadly interfered with one's finances.

THE RESCUE WORK in St. John's is in full bloom. We have moved from the small place into better quarters and the glory is in an ecstasy of joy at the change. Thirty-nine dollars had been spent upon the place before any furniture was got.

The Rescue Home can beat any Salvation Quarters in Newfoundland. It is unique. We have no labor against great odds, not having accommodation suitable.

ENSIGN RENNIE collected double the number of people up last week as would fill her barracks. They declared there were no more good souls in. One feature was Sergeant Babcock's presence. You can find him every night just inside the door. But this night you could have seen him outside, where he entered, directing the crowd and keeping them good, which is a pretty hard thing to do. Nine souls won, the previous Sunday findings.

ST. JOHN'S II-CAPT PYN tags away and souls. They kept winning.

Sunday, February 3rd, very rainy. yet for all that Barracks crowded and at night many could not gain entrance. For two hours they stood around the door. We had four souls at the close.

EASTERN DISTRICT NOTES.

First hallooed wedding at Catalina. Sergt. Shepherd and Sister Buggodon were the happy couple. A large crowd. There was powder war carried on for a time. Bang, bang, bang went the guns. It is the

customary salute of the country to fire off guns at a marriage and also a token of esteem.

The Wesleyville warriors are erecting new barracks. The little 15x20 shanty that they are now fighting for police ventilation, being full of air holes through old windows, will soon be deserted for the brand-new barracks.

The Bishop of Gooseberry Island (the Marston) and his spick-and-span lancers of the 7th Battery, mean fight this winter. Dedication service and one soul.

The Greenspond braves are bent on hoisting the flag of truce and come through these hard times crowned with the laurels of victory. The money that they secured before the recent depression in money matters through the banquet to repair a leakage in the roof of the barracks, is like a stagnant pool—at a standstill yet.

Bird Island Cove and her cedars are growing.

Well, Bonavista, how do you do? Pledging again, trying to make sure of where the Lord is. Capt. Parsons and Coxswain Brown are on the bridge.

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

PROVINCIAL WAR OFFICE.

Those recent meetings of our beloved General in Toronto will live in our memory for a long time to come. How we were inspired and encouraged! How near the Lord came! What waves of power and blessing!

Since the General's meetings we have been going with all our might to get sinners brought to God.

The Brigadier has arranged a tour for himself and another for his secretary for the next month, which covers most of the Province.

We intend to go straight for souls. Captain and Mrs. Florence are doing three weeks' special soul-saving meetings in the Bowmanville District, and the little Troupe is still waging war in the scattered villages around.

A number of changes have just taken place which have affected the greater part of the Province. Captain and Mrs. Wiseman have gone to West Ontario, and Captain and Mrs. Wynn in their stead take Orillia.

The reports from a great many corps in the province are very encouraging. A number of sinners are coming home to God. Some of the hardest places are reporting souls, including Port Perry, where several got saved lately.

As to present many of our comrades are very sick, including Captain Hardman and Captain Ferguson. The Brigadier's little girl has also been very ill, causing a great deal of anxiety and care for Brigadier and Mrs. Morris.

Let us pray for our sick comrades everywhere and for their restoration. —W. J. Turner.

EAST ONTARIO.

My friends, I must be brief, because it's my belief, that if I write too long, My piece it will be gone, Into the Waste-paper Basket.

Meeting first night at Deseronto, conducted by Staff-Captain Sharp, and officers from Napanee, Bloomfield, Picton, and Deseronto. Fine solos in French.

Drove back to Picton. Very cold snowstorm. Nearly in a snow-bank.

PICTON—Still snowing. First-rate meeting.

Up a knee-drill. Still blowing and snowing. God blessed us. Holiness meeting up to the mark.

Afternoon meeting dirty, stormy march preceding it. Three children dedicated to the Lord.

Night very fair audience. Powerful time and two souls.

Staff-Captain Sharp, drove across ice to Deseronto, and to train to Kingston, while Lieutenant Morris went alone to Bloomfield next day.

Drove through storm. Had to keep eyes open or they would have been shut. Had a march over snow drift got a few inside and outside. A fine time. Two reached home a day or so after each other, not from through, and go at the ink and paper war again.—F. M.

SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG.

"I will praise the name of God, and will magnify Him with thanksgiving." Look at the conditions under which David begins to give thanks, comrades; he says in the verse before, "I am poor and sorrowful."

"What, give thanks when one is poor, and sing when one is sorrowful? It doesn't seem quite natural, and it certainly isn't usual. No, it is, above a natural thing to do—it can only be done through grace."

THIS PAGE OF SONGS, some of which have never before been published, will, we are sure, be much appreciated by our thousands of comrades who have heard Colonel Lawley sing, on the General's recent campaign. May the Army's songs of consolation continue to re-echo round the world till every captive hears of deliverance through the Blood of the Lamb.—Ed.

JESUS CAN FULLY SAVE

Tune.—"Safe in the Arms of Jesus," or "Calvary's Stream is Flowing," B. J. 51; M. S. L. 48.

In Jesus' name His people
Assemble here to-day,
Knowing that He is able
To answer while we pray;
We're asking, seeking, knocking,
Thou must give all we need,
For streams our souls are thirsting,
A flood-tide, O Lord, we plead.

Chorus.

Give us a full salvation,
Send us a cleansing wave,
Free us from condemnation,
Jesus can fully save.

'This saving, cleansing river
Makes glad the saints of God;
It flows for "whosoever,"
This fountain filled with blood,
Brings rest from condemnation,
Truth to the inward part;
This river of Salvation
Makes clean the foulest heart.

Hard after Thee we follow,
Like Jesus we would be;
Our sin fill us with sorrow,
Come, Lord, and set us free;
Not half, but fully save us,
Making our lives divine;
Then we shall be victorious
And in Thine image shine.

For deeper depths of blessing,
For holier heights above,
Still length and breadth surpassing,
There is a sea of love.
One plunge will end thy doubting,
One plunge drive fears away,
One plunge will set thee shouting
For joy, both night and day.

No limit to the mercy,
No limit to the power,
No limit to the victory
Offered to thee this hour;
This moment He is saving,
This moment I believe,
This moment Thy art cleansing,
This moment I receive.

Second chorus.

I have a full salvation,
I feel the cleansing wave,
Made free from condemnation,
Jesus has fully saved.

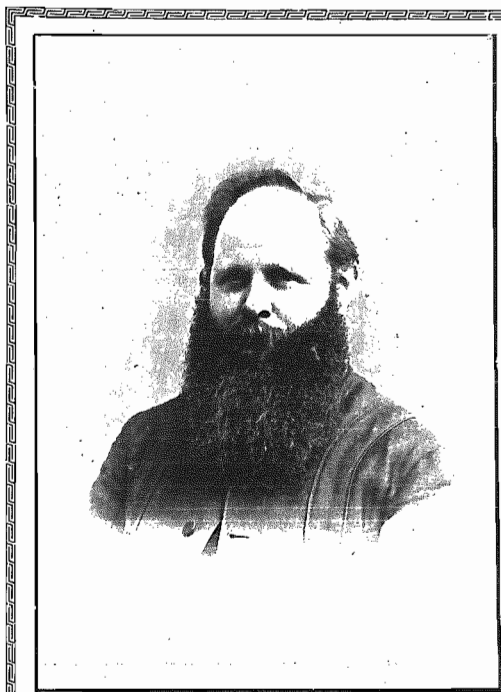
HARK, HEAR THE SAVI- OUR KNOCKING

Tune.—"Scatter seeds of kindness."

Wenny wanderer, will you listen
While I sing of dying love?
Which did make the Saviour hasten
From the richest realms above;
In a stable and a manger
Did the Prince of Glory lay,
In the world He was a stranger,
While He sought for souls astray.

Chorus.

Hark! hear the Saviour knocking,
Will you let Him enter now?



COLONEL LAWLEY, the General's A. D. C.,

Whose unctious anointing, in company with Major Maise, was made a blessing to many at the Toronto Campaign.

Lonely, weary and dejected,
With no place to lay His head;
By His own life was neglected,
Cruel thorns His temples bled.
This same Jesus, tho' so loving,
Is despised throughout the land.
At your heart's closed door is stand-
ing,
Knocking now with bleeding hand.

'Twas on Calvary's rugged mountain
Where they nailed Him to the tree;
From His open side the Fountain
Flows in blood for you and me.
Tho' you have refused an entrance,
To this Prince of Peace so fair,
If you kneel in true repentance,
You will find He still is there.

Poor backslider, thou hast driven
Jesus from thy heart and home;
Once you had a hope of Heaven,
Now—your life is filled with gloom.
Still, with pardon and compassion
He is knocking loud to-day;
If you dare refuse salvation,
He may forever turn away.

Listen! sinner! thou art drifting,
Drifting inward to your doom,
Far from mercy thou art sinking,
Where the wild waves ever foam;
Dark and sad will be thy morning,
Should you wake up as before,
With this awful feeling dawning,
Knocking, knocking, days are o'er.

SANCTIFYING FIRE.

Tune.—"Death is Coming," B. J. 17;
S. M. L. 351.

Near Thy cross assembled, Master,
At Thy feet we fall,
Seeking power to send us faster;
Hear, Lord, while we call;
Soul and body consecrating,
Leaving every sin,
Longing for a full salvation,
Victory we would win.

Chorus.

Fire! fire! fire! fire!
For this, Lord, we call;
Send the sanctifying fire,
Now baptize us all.

Fire that changes every craving
Into pure desire,
Fire, destroying fears and doubting,
Fills and saves us higher;
Fire that takes its stand for Jesus,
Seeks and saves the lost;
Fire that follows where He pleases,
Fearless of the cost.

Fire that turns men into heroes,
Out of weakness might;
Fire that makes us more than con-
querors,
Glories in the fight.
Fire that's darling, crosses bearing,
Now it's offered thee.
Fire, our Master's suffering sharing,
Dauntless fire for me.

In the upper room, hallelujah,
Faith the promise seized;
Hearts united, Godward reaching,
One and all believed,
Fiery blessings fell from Heaven,
Stammering tongues set free,
Holy Ghost to them was given,
With this, Lord, bless me.

IS THINE HEART RIGHT?

Tune.—"Whither pilgrim are you go-
ing?" B. J. 69; S. M. L. 1, 211.

Wanted—hearts baptized with fire,
Hearts completely cleansed from sin;

Hearts that will go through the mire,
Hearts that dare do all for Him;
Hearts that will be firmer, braver,
Hearts like heroes gone before,
Hearts enjoying Christ's full favor,
Hearts to love Him more and more.

Chorus.

Hearts to hoist the colors bravely,
Hearts to take part in the fight,
Hearts who know their duty clearly,
Hearts to dare and do the right.

Hearts that beat true, ever, always,
Hearts that can for others feel,
Hearts that trove the traitor never,
Hearts that will the wounded heal,
Hearts overflowing with compassion,
Hearts who're changed by grace
Divine.

Hearts aglow with full salvation,
Hearts to do Thy will, not mine.

Hearts like Jesus, pure and holy,
Hearts that in His image shine,
Hearts to turn from sin and folly,
Hearts to seek us way but Thine;
Hearts who're to the Saviour given,
Hearts possessed with dying love,
Hearts on earth, but filed with
Heaven.
Hearts inspired from above.

FULL AND FREE SAL- VATION.

Tune.—"John Brown's body."

Sinner! come, this river flows
To wash your sins away:
Plunge now in, there's cleansing,
Don't delay another day,
Full length in these waters
With all your burdens lay,
Oh! wondrous cleansing stream.

Chorus.

Boundless full and free salvation,
Boundless full and free salvation,
Boundless full and free salvation,
Is flowing here for thee.

Is there here an Achan?

Who has touched the cursed
thing?
Come now to these waters,
Mind, the gold and garments
bring.

Leap into the river,
Then join our ranks and sing,
Oh! boundless cleansing stream.

Return to-day, backslider,
To this wonder-working stream;
If thou wilt, thy past
Shall be forgotten as a dream.

It was at fearful cost
That Christ did these redeem,
Oh! wondrous cleansing stream.

Somewhere about this meeting,
There's a foot that's tried and sore;
Will you take a header
And beneath the waters roll?
Doubts and fears shall vanish,
Jesus Christ shall have control,
Oh! boundless, cleansing stream.



HOW THEY DIE.

Lieut. Legge—"Not a doubt nor a fear."

The Army had not opened fire on Garnish at the time of Cadet Legge's conversion.

In a revival meeting he gave his heart to God. After buckling on the armour he met with plenty of persecution to keep it bright. But he fought bravely through it all and never left his post.

While fighting as a soldier his life was admired by all. He was a regular attendant of the meetings, especially knee-drill. He loved to be

In the Thickest of the Fight.

When he received the call for the work it wasn't very long before he found himself going through with his domestic duties in the Training Garrison.

While there he learned many useful lessons, lessons that were the means of giving him a higher degree of spiritual life.

But a serious disease was torturing his system to such an extent that he was forced to take a rest a few weeks after being sent to the field. It was a thorough illness for it ended in the overworking rest. A few months after returning to his home he passed away. During his illness he was

Never Heard to Murmur

or complain. Whenever the officers or comrades would visit him, he would be always cheerful and happy. Just before he died he told his friends he had not a doubt nor a fear it was well with his soul. At the memorial service a prodigal returned.—Captain Bennett.

The Light Brigade.

THE MAYOR OF STANSTEAD JUNCTION gave a donation to Social work, and said he was sorry he could not do more.

COATICOKE people were exceptionally kind, and received the G. B. M. boxes gladly.

Mrs. Shurtleff, of SHERBROOKE, is a sister of Captain Broadbent, and for some time has been the G. B. M. agent at that place.

The Officers and Soldiers of QUEBEC were everything that was kind, vielding the business men of all classes. We found them courteous and liberal.

The Barracks on Sunday night was well attended by a very intelligent class of people.

The boys outside were not quite so orderly. Captain Helman reported three fights at the door.

Captain Toole, of RICHMOND, not having an agent, promptly collected the boxes herself.

Sister BARCLAY, of Chesterville, is still holding on and believing for officers.

Through the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Inhabitable, of WEST WINCHESTER, we had the privilege of addressing his large congregation for half an hour on the Social work. The following day some of the principle business men, including the Mayor, contributed liberally to the Social work.

OTTAWA is going ahead fine. L. B. incomes for 1900. Thirteen weeks forward for holiness and salvation.

RENFREW did well. Mrs. Buffett is agent and the work is improving.

PENBROKE returns ten dollars all but four cents.—Adjutant Magee.

"The Silver Cross."

for January, the organ of the King's Daughters and Sons, shows its sympathy with the social purity reform by drawing attention to the slum work of the Salvation Army, while referring to the Slum Brigade song as one of the Songs of the Kingdom. The chorus runs:

"We scrub the floors and wash the babies, too,
And for His sake we work we gladly do."

FROM PICCADILLY TO THE PRECIPICE.



FIRST STAGE—CHARMED.

LAST STAGE—CHAINED.

The above picture is a diminished reproduction of a "Social Gazette" frontispiece, and is a fair specimen of the kind of heavy shot the "Gazette" fires into the devil's territory weekly. The "Gazette" is one of the first periodicals in the B.A., besides being the champion B.A. newspaper supplied to schools. The price is only one cent.

The City Colony.

IN LONDON, ENG.,

Provides 28 Industries for London's Workless Men and Women.

They are: 1, firewood; 2, carpentry and joinery; 3, cabinet making; 4, steel making; 5, mat making; 6, carpet weaving; 7, tambourine making; 8, brush making; 9, mattress making; 10, painting; 11, engineering; 12, wheelwrighting; 13, saw-mills; 14, tin working; 15, paper and rag sorting; 16, tailoring; 17, shoemaking; 18, match making; 19, cardboard box making; 20, bakery; 21, clerks in the offices; 22, a large number are employed, after a certain term of trial, as cooks, watchmen, gate-keepers, scrubbers, and similar employment about our different premises. Women are employed in—23, book-binding; 24, knitting factory; 25, laundry; 26, white sewing; 27, working texts for the walls; 28, domestic work.

CARDINAL MANNING SAYS:

"The workless are what they are because society of to-day has wrecked them, what then is society doing, or willing to do, to redeem and save the workless? None are so bad that there is not still a hope. But the class of men and youths who came into open day some weeks ago are not to be bettered by neglect, much less by defiance. Goodness will overcome evil, and kindness will break the hardest hearts. If the confidence of the workless and dangerous could be won, it would be like the warmth of

the sun breaking up a frost. Human sympathy, kind care, personal service, patient goodwill are powers which never fail. If, through faults of ours, however remotely or indirectly, by commission or omission they are outcasts, let us now begin and try to bring them back to what once they were. The memory of their childhood is not dead within them; if it be only as a gleam of innocence long lost, it is also a torch of higher life not yet extinct for ever."

VICTORIA, B. C.—Says Adjutant Archibald: "We have been extra busy this past week."

"Bright prospects for the Food and Shelter."

"We have been feeding the poor, who are in absolute destitution, the city paying all expenses and we do the work. Praise God for these opportunities of doing good."

Food for the Hungry.

The undersigned desires to call the attention of parties interested, to the fact that temporary provision has been made for the relief of those in the city who are suffering from lack of necessary food.

The services of the Officers of the Salvation Army, which has kindly been offered free of charge, have been accepted and arrangements made for the operation of a "Food Depot" in a room at the rear of the Salvation Army Barracks, Broad Street.

The depot will be in running order on and after Tuesday, the 29th instant.

Breakfast may be had from 9 to 11 a.m. and supper from 4 to 6 p.m. and will be served to those holding tickets, which may be procured at the Barracks for a nominal sum, or in absolutely destitute cases, free.

A GHASTLY RECORD.

WARS SINCE 1793.

| DATE. | BELLIGERENTS. | EXPENDITURE. | | Loss in Men. |
|----------------|-----------------------------|--------------|----------------------|--------------|
| | | Million £. | Million £ per annum. | |
| 1793-1815..... | England and France. | 1,350 | 60 | 1,500,000 |
| 1815..... | Russia and Turkey. | 20 | 20 | 150,000 |
| 1830-42..... | Spain and Portugal (civil). | 50 | 5 | 100,000 |
| 1830-42..... | France and Algeria. | 20 | 2 | 100,000 |
| 1848..... | Europe (civil). | 10 | 10 | 100,000 |
| 1854-60..... | England, France, Russia. | 200 | 140 | 450,000 |
| 1854-60..... | United States (civil). | 740 | 320 | 625,000 |
| 1860..... | France and Austria. | 20 | 20 | 100,000 |
| 1860-65..... | France and Mexico. | 15 | 15 | 60,000 |
| 1860-70..... | Brazil and Paraguay. | 14 | 6 | 200,000 |
| 1870-71..... | France and Germany. | 810 | 210 | 250,000 |
| 1870-71..... | Russia and Turkey. | 100 | 100 | 100,000 |

SUMMARY.

| PERIOD. | Expenditure. Million £. | Loss of Life. | PER ANNUM. | |
|----------------|-------------------------|---------------|------------|---------------|
| | | | Million £. | Loss of Life. |
| 1793-1890..... | 1,350 | 1,500,000 | 48 | 60,000 |
| 1891-1890..... | 118 | 450,000 | 4 | 10,000 |
| 1891-1890..... | 230 | 340,000 | 25 | 85,000 |
| 1891-1890..... | 1,350 | 1,570,000 | 60 | 70,000 |
| | 5,047 | 4,420,000 | 89 | 30,000 |

—From "The Review of the Churches."

Parties wishing to assist the movement may provide those who believe to be needy, with tickets, or may send in supplies to the Depot at any time during the day.

The undersigned would commend the Depot to all charitably disposed persons as an object most worthy of their practical support.

JOHN TEAGUE, Mayor.

Victoria, Jan. 26th, 1895.

VICTORIA HOME.—We are getting on very nicely here. God has blessed us during this past week. It is really beautiful the way in which God supplies our needs. The children are so well and happy, older ones going to school love it, praise God. The girls at the Chinese home knitted some stockings for the children, and also made some underwear and sent them along this week. It seemed so nice, their thinking of such a practical way of helping. God bless them.—Ensign Fitzpatrick.

SAVED!

Specimen of Work Done in Connection with the Social Reform Branch in England.

A cabman was recently charged at Stratford with stealing a coat and umbrella left in his cab. The owner of the property not found. The cabman held a clean license. The property was found at his lodgings. Our Officer applied to the Bench for permission to address the jury upon the case. He submitted that there was no evidence of felony, that the prisoner should not have been arrested, but brought before the Court upon a summons, as he had not dealt with the property, but retained it until the owner was found. It was a Police prosecution. The Magistrate concurred in our Officer's views, and discharged the cabman, who was gratified to know no bounds. The poor fellow had given up his own case as all but hopeless, he had no witnesses and, of course, could not give evidence himself.

"Come Over and Help Us."

ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD, in another of his interesting letters, speaking of the Indians, says:

There are some fifty thousand of them to save, and our General is greatly interested in this important harvest.

In Fort Simpson there are some 150 soldiers, with a brass band of 16 pieces. Port Simpson also has a good corps. These are not the converts of the other missions, but of the Army Fire and Spirit.

I noticed in the War Cry that they are termed "Alaskan Indians." This is a mistake. Port Simpson and Port Essington are both in British Columbia. These Indians are very intelligent and are intensely loyal to the British flag. Our prospects are bright for a glorious work amongst them.

HE CONTINUES. "Last night, while we were marching up to the Barracks from the open air, a well-known doctor in the city fell dead in a bar-room. Poor fellow, he was a clever doctor, a graduate of Edinburgh University.

We have

Five Thousand Chinese

In this city. Very few are saved. The gambling den recently raided is next to the church where the General held his crowded meeting with the Mongols. We have not as yet had any converts from these people here in Victoria. They have just celebrated the advent of the New Year with their usual customs. One of the features is that they give away thousands of dollars in gifts, also spend thousands in fireworks. The racket they make night and day for a week is something awful. They finished up yesterday with a (small) The enclosed piece of paper (a small) is one of the many thousands thrown from the houses on the way to the cemetery. This, I am given to understand, is to fool the devil as he goes through the holes in the paper while the man of "John" is on his way to his job.

HE CENDETH ME.

BY W. A. S.

He had just said "good-bye" to his home and friends, and come to the depot, boarded a train, and now he was on his way to his first appointment.

He felt as the majority of cadets generally feel on leaving home—he felt plucked out what to him seemed his right eye.

His friends objected to his going away; his parents would not give their consent; the devil thought he had better stay at home and be a soldier; he could do as much good, and then, he could be a great help to the corps. But God had said otherwise, "Go into the vineyards, behold the fields are white already to harvest. Laborers, not loungers or overcares, but laborers are wanted. Go!" For months he prayed night and day concerning the matter. He had put it off; he did not write out his application in a hurry, simply because he considered that the step he was about to take must be a lifelong one. He understood the position of a Salvation Army officer was one that was not to be occupied one day and given up the next; it must be a life-long work.

He had settled it in his own mind, God wanted him to go forward. He applied, was accepted, had said good-bye, and now he was on his way to his first appointment. Only those who have passed through a similar experience can understand how anyone leaving home, mother and friends for the first time, to enter into the work of the Salvation Army, must feel. It seems that the powers and sublimity of the devil is brought to bear on the mind and feelings of the cadet.

ABOUT TO ENTER THE FIELD.

It was so in the experience of our hero. The devil seemed to bring all manner of thoughts and suggestions to his mind. "You have made a mistake; you ought not to have taken this step; you are not capable of filling the position of an officer, your throat is too weak." These and similar suggestions were brought before him by the devil, until the Cadet thought his heart would break. He knew he was not to be taken in, he was aware of the fact that his throat was none too strong; he knew he was about to enter a business he knew very little about; yet he reasoned thus with himself: "Have I not been praying about this matter for months? Did I not promise God in a holiness meeting I would follow where He called me? Have I not felt that I was a hindrance to the corps because I refused to go. In my application to God, I have shown me that He wanted me to take this step? I have only done what He wanted me to do. He would not have led me to take this step if He was not able to supply me with the grace and power I will need."

It was settled; the controversy was ended; he promptly told the devil to get behind him; then he bowed his head and told God that no more of what happened or what the devil told him, he was going to fight at the front.

The battle scored on that train that day has never been refought; throughout darkness and discouragement, the fact that God was his help has been his strength. He knows not what the future has in store for him; he does not know what part of the world he will be called to fight; he knows not where his lot will be cast; but he knows that the future; it is sufficient for him to know that God is with him.

"But how about when you are sick, and where will you be buried when you die?" are questions which are often asked. It was God who told David in green pastures and beside still waters; He was with him as he passed through the valley and the shadow of death. Did He not follow Moses as he led the children of Israel for the last time? Did not God say He bid farewell to his friends and started to ascend the untrodden mountains alone, mournfully watched by the sorrow-stricken Israelites, who were not supposed to know of his thoughts that were worked through his mind were after this style: Are these

rocks to be my dying pillow, and this mountain my resting-place, where thunder-clouds sweep their fury, the lightning shoot their fiery darts, and the eagles build their eyries? Have I not carried the bones of Joseph forty years in the wilderness? They will rest in the promised land, while mine lie bleaching upon this mountain. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight, Thy will be done. His last mournful gaze was turned on the thousands of Israelites below, then the patient lawgiver laid down to die.

God took charge of the corps. Was ever such distinction conferred upon a mortal? Did ever human dust receive such honour? We may speak of the magnificence of human obsequies, the pomp and pageantry that gathers round the hero's funeral car, the city hushed into a holiday of grief, talk of the booming of the minute guns, the bells' dull toll, the muffled drums or the solemn strains of the dead march, played by a brass band, etc. But earthly pomp is not to be compared with the unimaginable obsequies that attended the funeral of Moses. Who can describe

THE GRANDUPE OF THAT FUNERAL!

No dropping banner hung in sable folds over the heads of that funeral train; no muffled drum sent forth its dull, monotonous sound; the equipage of royalty and the decorations of human art would have been lost amid the splendours of that funeral cortège; the Lord Himself, in solitude and silence, lay the venerated dust in the mystery of the hills, the mountains lie silent at His feet.

Where now is the pomp of human art? Let the True and Pyramids, Mansions and monumental marbles crumble into dust and own that this funeral was marked by a glory unparallelled. Surely God, who took care of His humble follower in such a wonderful manner, will take care of our Cadet friend, and

Though a weary path he is travelling, and in darkness, storm and strife, Bearing many a burden, struggling for his life, But the moon is breaking, his toils will soon be o'er, See, he is kneeling at the threshold, he will soon be through the door.

STINGINESS.

BY ADJUTANT MANTON.

OH GOD, PRESERVE ME FROM A POOR, STINGY, SHIRVELLED-UP, DRIED-UP SOUL!

Has He any claims upon us? There are people who used to spend their money, not by the dollars, but by the cents, but the dollars, thrown down on the bar of the liquor-hell to satisfy the burning thirst. One would naturally think that when these men had found deliverance through the blood of Christ, they would be better than their blood would boil with the

Joyful Anticipation

of doing all they possibly could as a thank-offering to God for their deliverance; but, strange to say, some, when asked for a donation to help on God's work, let the you as though they were going to rob them. They say, "It is hard times." But mark you, they have better furniture in their houses, they wear better clothing, yes, and many of them become more respectable. They acknowledge the despised Salvation Army, which was the instrument in the hands of God of saving them from the drunkard's grave and hell, and their families from disgrace, despair, and ruin. Yes, and another thing, they are better cases the wife of the rescued drunkard is the first one to use her uttermost power to get her husband to leave the Army, become respectable and go to church, possibly to grow old, backslide, go back to their old ways, and go to hell.

GET OUT THOSE OLD BOOTS

And send them along either to be repaired for yourself, or as a donation to our City Social Reform. Repairing executed at very reasonable prices. Help along our work by leaving your mending here at our Industrial Home.

ANARCHY!

ANARCHY!

ANARCHY!

At the Army Penitent-Form He Alters.

I'm inclined to believe I was a born agitator.

At the age of 18 I suffered three months' imprisonment for thinking a bit too loud concerning a glaring injustice.

During my incarceration the Governor of the jail advised me not to be so quixotic, but to study my own interests.

I was unable to profit by his advice, for my whole nature revolted against it.

Since then my employers have sometimes looked upon me as a dangerous man, an agitator, and

A SEA-LAWYER.

Some did their best to crush and starve me into submission, but to no purpose.

Owing to my boyhood being spent at sea, I found it easy to go to another part of the world, and being a little clever at my trade, it was no trouble to get employment.

Though continually agitating, I do not remember that I ever agitated against anything I did not honestly believe to be wrong. Workmen who read John Stuart Mill, Spencer, Grote, Gibbon, Emerson, Huxley, etc., etc., and delight in reading philosophical works, are apt to think a little, though it may be difficult for them to put their thoughts into elegant language.

Just previous to my conversion, I had reached that condition so vividly described by Coleridge as "That point of misery attained by the oppressed wherein life becomes miserable, and places the life of the oppressed at his mercy." I hated the

OPPRESSORS OF GOD'S POOR

with an intensity that is beyond my power of expression; and, though I did not know it, my faith in the Bible, yet I would positively gloat over the following passage: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter Heaven," and would exultantly exclaim, "I wish I was a camel instead of a camel." I was the kind of material from which anarchists are made, and would willingly and gladly have given my life to help the cause of the oppressed of my race.

Nearly three years ago I decided that the Salvation Army was right, and I wrore, and I accepted their Saviour for mine.

No other form of Christianity could have affected me. Since then a wonderful transformation has taken place, and my ideas are totally changed. I now believe, nay, am sure, that by living a true Salvation Army Christian's life I can do more good than if I had

DIED AN ANARCHIST,

and hlew into eternity a dozen or two of the people who, I considered, for selfish purposes cause, or permit to be caused, the suffering of youth. Because to win a soul is the only lasting good, and a soul cannot be saved without affecting the body.

In regard to the passage concerning the submerged tenth, I am intensely in earnest, and it is necessary to systematically and scientifically debate and starve the poor into a state that makes a mule's position positively enviable. The Word of God never cover to cover is against anything unjust. After having dabbled in all sorts of schemes for bringing about a better state of affairs and devouring an immense amount of soul literature, including God's Word, Mr. Booth, Spurgeon, Drummond, Moody, etc., and having the same experience of God's presence in my own soul, I have arrived at the conclusion that God's way is the only way. We wait Christ in our lives, and the

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE MULE

instead of that which has reduced to a science the breaking point of misery, the poor of the world are the last straw that breaks the camel's back is not put on, and bases its operations on an absurd idea that part of the human race has no right in the world.

(To be continued.)

Are You Lukewarm or Red-Hot?

BY MARIA SIMPSON,

Late of the Home for Incubates, now in the land where the inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick."

Luke-warm Christian. "I consider myself just the ordinary standard of church membership." "I am a Red-hot Salvationist." "I am a Blood-and-Fire Salvation Soldier, and glory in my Saviour King."

L. C.—"The minister would like me to take a district; but my time is too much occupied already."

R. S.—"The King's business requires haste. It is first and foremost on my programme."

L. C.—"I have no strength for mission or Sabbath-school work. Sitting up late, reading novels; for card-playing, etc., just tire me out."

R. S.—"I have time for novel-reading or card-playing. And, I would like to have a party to which I dared not invite my King."

L. C.—"Oh, you people have no pleasure in life whatever. Now, I am really fond of dancing—even in crowded ball-rooms, and think it such a pleasant pastime."

R. S.—"Those crowded ball-rooms are the devil's traps, to decoy poor souls to ruin. Why, we Salvationists are the happiest people in creation. We can dance, too, to the glory of our King. Would you like Christ to come and find you novel-reading, card-playing, or in the ball-room?"

L. C.—"Christ coming! (with a start) oh, oh, I scarcely think He will—not just yet. But, I hope I shall be found ready."

R. S.—"Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

"Jesus is coming—in coming again, Jesus is coming forever to reign. Shout the glad tidings—Salvation is free, Jesus is coming again."

From the "Ladies' Journal."

One of the greatest sufferers had passed away a few hours before, and there was general mourning, but through it all a feeling of real thankfulness that for Maria Simpson, the little cripple, perhaps the greatest sufferer of the whole 125 of the patients, there would be no more pain.

Miss Simpson has been quite a character in her day. An ardent, enthusiastic temperance worker, she edited and compiled a book upon the subject that was helpful in disseminating her views. Miss Simpson was a general favorite alike with visitors, nurses, and inmates. Her great patience under suffering was marvelous. To ward off her life, when her poor back was a mass of abscesses, she cut out many texts in fanciful shapes, her favorite one being, "Jesus Only."

The Salvation Army, of which Miss Simpson was a loyal supporter, had charge of the funeral.

DO YOU PRAY?

It is conversation which chiefly begets both faith and love. Affection cannot but desire a nearness to the object to which it is attached. We wish to be near to the great blessings off those fruits, which grow upon the tree of friendship. It is the same between the soul and God. Not to pray to Him, not to meditate on Him, not to have Him in our thoughts, independent of us, and estrange Him, and when we more particularly require His aid, our

SHAME ENERVATES OUR FAITH.

With what confidence can we give to Him in need, whom in our plenty we have quite neglected? It is a most unhappy state to be at a distance with God. When a man neglects praying to His Maker it makes a chasm between Him and his own people, and a breach once made by negligence like that by water would soon break out into a sea.

Let us then pray without ceasing. Let the spirit of true prayer characterize our every action, then shall our faith in Christ become stronger and our love for Him grow deeper and deeper.

THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE.